



# V1





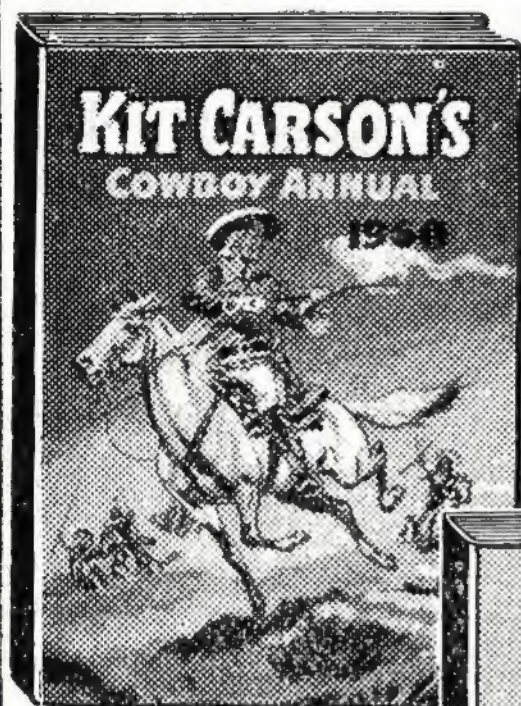
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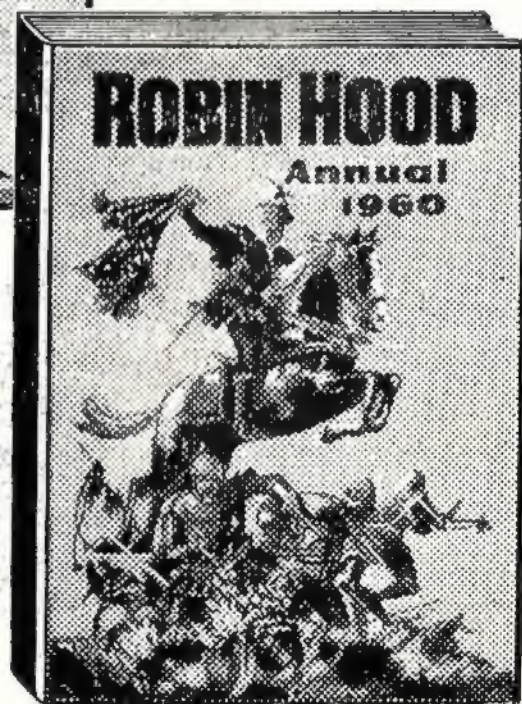


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MISS  
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IN THE EARLY HOURS OF JUNE 13TH, 1944, THE FIRST  
FLYING BOMB CRASHED DOWN ON A SLEEPING LONDON.  
IT WAS THE DEADLY FORERUNNER OF MORE THAN  
2400 OF HITLER'S TERROR WEAPONS....

THE BATTLE AGAINST THE V 1, AS HITLER CALLED  
IT, LASTED ONLY A FEW MONTHS BUT IT WAS  
FOUGHT WITH EVERY AVAILABLE WEAPON FOR THE  
VERY LIFE OF ENGLAND'S CAPITAL CITY WAS AT STAKE.



## Chapter 1. CRASH LANDING

THE GREAT BOMBER FORCES OF BRITAIN AND AMERICA POUNDED THE FLYING BOMB LAUNCHING SITES WHICH WERE SITUATED IN NORTHERN FRANCE.



THE ALLIED AIRMEN PRESSED HOME THEIR ATTACK THROUGH A DENSE CURTAIN OF MURDEROUS ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE.

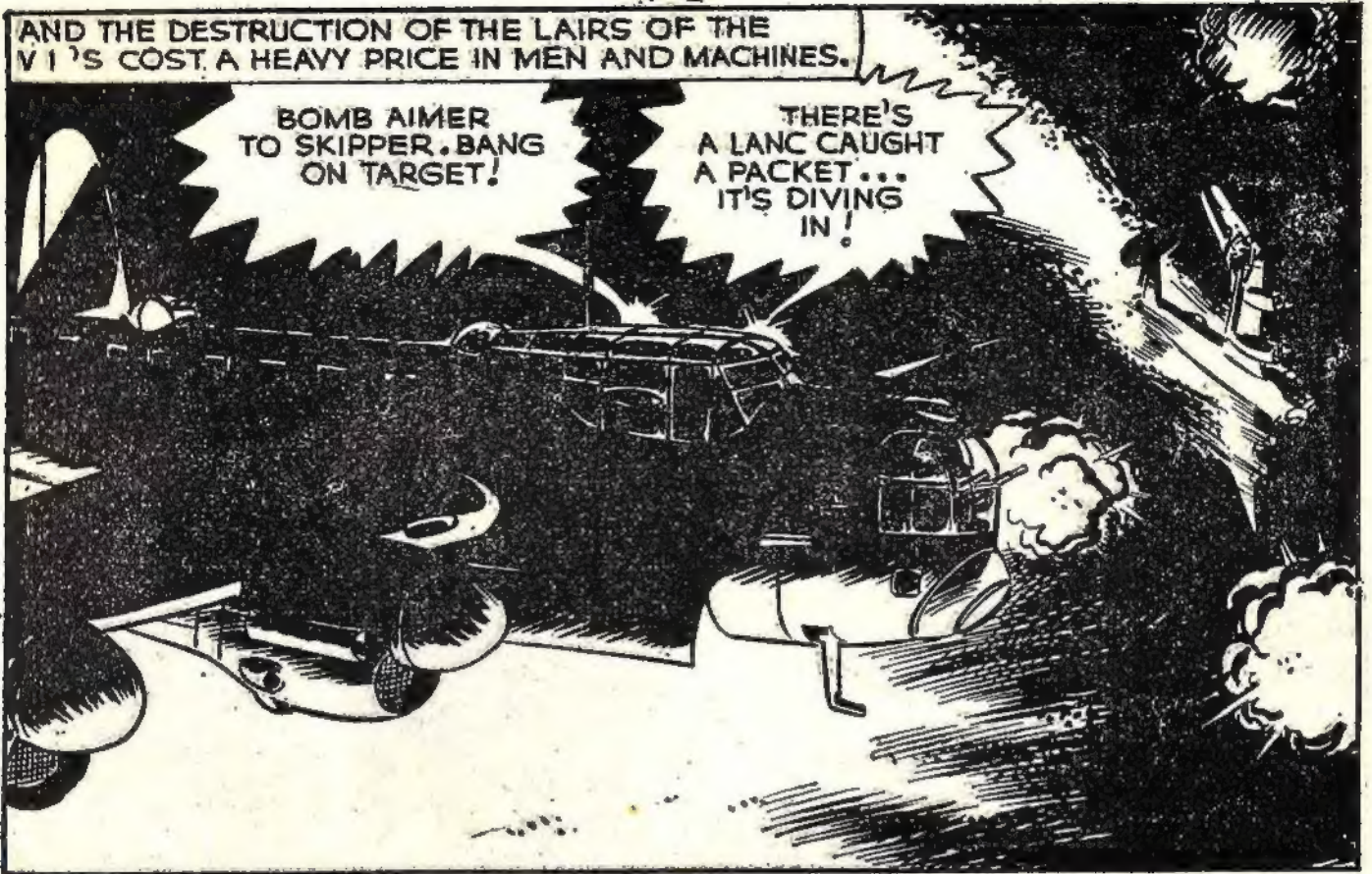




AND THE DESTRUCTION OF THE LAIRS OF THE V1'S COST A HEAVY PRICE IN MEN AND MACHINES.

BOMB AIMER  
TO SKIPPER. BANG  
ON TARGET!

THERE'S  
A LANC CAUGHT  
A PACKET...  
IT'S DIVING  
IN!



MONTHS BEFORE THAT FIRST FLYING BOMB WAS LAUNCHED, MANY OF THE MULTIPLE CONCRETE SITES HAD BEEN DESTROYED. BUT FROM THEN ONWARDS, EVEN AFTER D-DAY, PHOTOGRAPHIC RECONNAISSANCE PLANES WERE SEARCHING FOR SMALL, CUNNINGLY CONCEALED LAUNCHING RAMPS.

USUAL MISSION, CHAPS... PAS DE CALAIS AREA. YOU HAVE YOUR CO-ORDINATES. THE WEATHER BOYS SAY CLOUD IS LOW BUT LIKELY TO BREAK UP. DO YOUR BEST, THERE'S A SITE SENDING OVER TWENTY DOODLEBUGS A DAY, AND WE HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO FIND IT YET.





OVER THE NORTH COAST OF FRANCE THE CLOUD WAS AS THICK AS EVER, BLANKING OUT ALL SIGHT OF THE GROUND.

I'LL GIVE THAT WEATHER BLOKE A PIECE OF MY MIND WHEN WE GET BACK. NOT A BREAK IN SIGHT. GIVE ME ONE OF YOUR FAMOUS DEAD RECKONINGS, TOM, AND WE'LL GET BELOW IT.

JUST AS YOU SAY, SKIPPER. IT'S A BIT DICEY THOUGH—



TO PHOTOGRAPH BELOW THE CLOUDS MEANT FLYING STRAIGHT AND LEVEL AT 500 FEET... AN EASY TARGET FOR GERMAN FLAK. BUT SURPRISE AND THE SPEED OF THE PLANE WOULD BE ON THEIR SIDE.

CAMERA ON!

READY TO DIVE... NOW!



UNDER THE SENSITIVE HANDS OF JINGO COLLINS, WHO WAS A DARE-DEVIL BUT BRILLIANT PILOT, THE MOSQUITO LANCED DOWN INTO THE CLOUDS.





THREE P.R.U. CREWS WERE TO GO. THEIR PLANES WERE DE HAVILLAND MOSQUITOES, STRIPPED OF ALL WEAPONS, SLEEK, STREAMLINED, AS FAST AS ALMOST ANY AIRCRAFT FLYING.



THE TWO MEN CREW OF THE THIRD PLANE TO LEAVE, C FOR CHARLIE, WERE FLYING OFFICER JINGO COLLINS, CAPTAIN OF THE AIRCRAFT, AND FLIGHT SERGEANT TOM BOSWELL, NAVIGATOR.

GOT A COURSE FOR ME, TOM? NOTHING COMPLICATED, MIND... JUST POINT ME IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION AND THEN I'LL BE ALL RIGHT.

COURSE ONE-FORTY UNTIL WE CROSS THE COAST, JINGO. THEN WE'D BETTER CLIMB ABOVE THE CLOUD.



JINGO HAD WON HIS UNUSUAL NICKNAME FROM HIS HABIT OF USING THE EXPRESSION "BY JINGO" IN MOMENTS OF STRESS.



THEY FLASHED THROUGH TWO HUNDRED FEET OF CLOUD AND BURST INTO CLEAR AIR. THE COUNTRYSIDE LOOKED MISLEADINGLY PEACEFUL...



JINGO LEVELLED OUT AND EVEN AS HE DID SO, TOM GAVE A CRY OF ALARM.

LOOK OUT!

WHAT...  
BY JINGO, A  
DOODLEBUG!





NO PILOT IN THE WORLD COULD  
HAVE AVOIDED A COLLISION WITH  
THAT JET ENGINE FLYING BOMB  
TRAVELLING AT 400 M.P.H.





JINGO COLLINS KNEW AT ONCE THAT HIS PLANE WAS DOOMED.

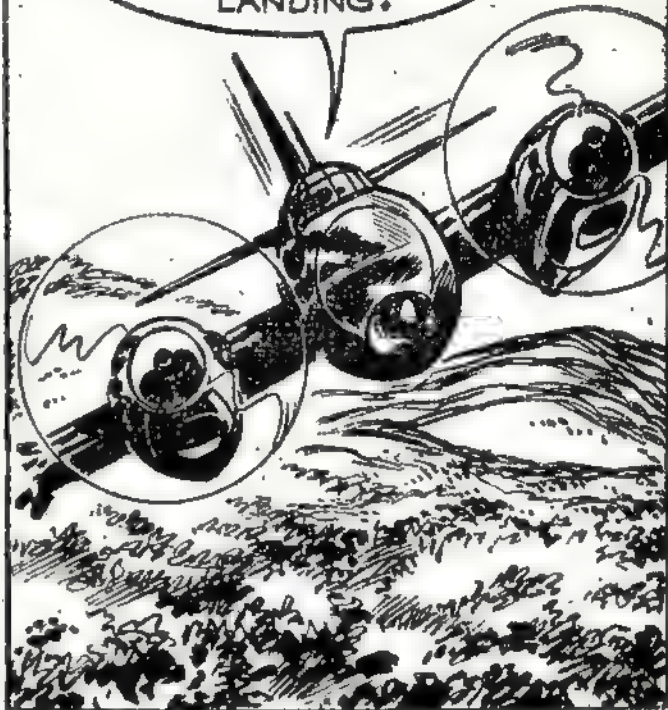
TIME TO BALE OUT, OLD FRUIT!

WE'RE TOO LOW, JINGO... YOU'LL HAVE TO PANCAKE HER!



FIGHTING DESPERATELY TO KEEP THE STRICKEN PLANE IN THE AIR, JINGO SEARCHED THE WOODS BELOW FOR A CLEARING.

HANG ON TO YOUR EYEBROWS, CHUM... WE'RE ABOUT TO MAKE A ONE-POINT LANDING.



SIDE-SLIPPING, ALMOST STALLING, THE MOSQUITO SCRAPED THE TREE TOPS AS ITS PILOT SKILFULLY DROPPED IT INTO A TINY CLEARING.





FORTUNE FAVOURED THE TWO BRAVE AIRMEN FOR THE PLANE PLOUGHED BETWEEN TWO MASSIVE TREES AS IT CAME TO REST.



THEY WERE IN THE HEART OF ENEMY COUNTRY... SEARCH PARTIES WOULD ALREADY BE ON THEIR WAY TO WHERE THE PLANE HAD CRASHED.





AS TOM BOSWELL SET FIRE TO THE MOSQUITO, HIS REPLY WAS TERSE AND FULL OF DETERMINATION.

IF THERE'S ONLY A SLIGHT CHANCE, WE'VE GOT TO TAKE IT. I'M NOT GOING TO SPEND THE REST OF THE WAR IN A P. O. W. CAGE IF I CAN HELP IT.

GUESS I'M NOT KEEN ON THAT NOTION EITHER, BY JINGO!



THE PLYWOOD CONSTRUCTED FUSELAGE OF THE PLANE WAS SOON ABLAZE AND AS THE TWO AIRMEN RAN INTO THE DENSE WOODS, THE PETROL TANKS EXPLODED.

THAT'LL BRING THE JERRIES LIKE WASPS ROUND A JAM-POT.





ON AND ON THEY RAN, STUMBLING THROUGH THICK UNDERGROWTH, PANTING AND GASPING FOR BREATH.



TOM SLOWED HIS HEADLONG PACE FOR A MOMENT AND AS JINGO CAUGHT UP WITH HIM, HE GLIMPSED THE DARK SURFACE OF A ROAD AHEAD.

PHIEW! HAVEN'T RUN SO MUCH SINCE SOME BLOKE CAUGHT ME PINCHING HIS APPLES WHEN I WAS A NIPPER.

WE'VE PUT A FAIR DISTANCE BETWEEN US AND THE PLANE. LOOK, THERE'S A ROAD AHEAD!



THEY MOVED CAUTIOUSLY TOWARDS THE ROAD TO SEE IF THERE WAS A SIGNPOST IN SIGHT SO AS TO GET THEIR BEARINGS. THEN THERE CAME THE SOUND OF AN APPROACHING VEHICLE...



TO THE DISMAY OF THE TWO AIRMEN,  
THERE WAS A SQUEAL OF BRAKES  
AND THE GERMAN TRUCK DREW  
TO A HALT CLOSE BY.

OH LOR!  
THEY'RE ON  
TO US  
ALREADY!

A GERMAN OFFICER DISMOUNTED FROM THE FRONT CABIN AND SEVERAL  
STEEL-HELMETED SOLDIERS CLIMBED OUT OF THE BACK. TOM'S HAND  
GRASPED THE BUTT OF THE VEREY PISTOL MORE FIRMLY. . .  
IT WAS THEIR ONLY WEAPON.





IF THE GERMANS STARTED TO BEAT THE WOODS HERE, THEY WERE FINISHED. SHOULD THEY SURRENDER OR MAKE A FIGHT FOR IT? THEN...



THE FOUR FRENCHMEN WERE PRODDED AWAY FROM THE TRUCK AND SPADES PUSHED INTO THEIR HANDS...

DIG, YOU TERRORISTS OF THE MAQUIS, AND DO IT WELL, FOR IT IS THE LAST DAY'S WORK YOU WILL EVER DO!





TOM AND JINGO WATCHED IN AGONISED HORROR AS THE FRENCHMEN DUG THEIR OWN SHALLOW GRAVE IN THAT PEACEFUL GLADE. THEN THE GERMANS FORCED THE MAQUIS MEN TO LINE UP BEFORE IT.



JINGO GRABBED AT THE VEREY PISTOL IN TOM'S HAND AND WHISPERED FIERCELY TO HIM...

GIVE ME THAT PISTOL... I'M GOING TO RUSH 'EM! I CAN'T WATCH THOSE FRENCHIES BE SHOT DOWN LIKE THIS.

WAIT, JINGO, WAIT! I'VE GOT AN IDEA!



AS THE FIRING SQUAD RAISED THEIR RIFLES TO THEIR SHOULDERS, TOM AIMED THE VEREY PISTOL AWAY FROM THEM... TOWARDS THE PETROL TANK OF THE TRUCK.





THERE WAS A BRILLIANT STREAM OF LIGHT... AND THEN THE SIGNAL CARTRIDGE PIERCED THE PETROL TANK OF THE TRUCK. AT ONCE THERE WAS A VIOLENT EXPLOSION.



LEAVING TWO MEN GUARDING THE FRENCHMEN, THE GERMAN OFFICER LED A RUSH TOWARDS THE BLAZING TRUCK.



THE CRACKLE OF THE FLAMES AND THE SHOUTS OF THE GERMANS DROWNED THE BRITISH AIRMEN'S MOVEMENTS.





TOM AND JINGO CRASHED VIOLENTLY INTO THE UNSUSPECTING GUARDS...  
HURLING THEM HEADLONG INTO THE NEWLY DUG GRAVE.



SCARCELY ABLE TO BELIEVE THAT THEY HAD BEEN SNATCHED FROM THE  
JAWS OF DEATH...THE FOUR FRENCHMEN TOOK TO THEIR HEELS.





THE OTHER GERMAN SOLDIERS SNATCHED UP THEIR RIFLES AND A RAGGED VOLLEY RATTLED AFTER THE RESISTANCE MEN... BUT TWO QUICK SHOTS FROM THE R.A.F. SERGEANT DETERRED IMMEDIATE PURSUIT.



FEAR LENT SPEED TO THE FUGITIVES AS THEY PLUNGED INTO THE DEPTHS OF THE WOODS.



SUPPORTED BY THE BRITISH FLYER, THE WOUNDED RESISTANCE MAN STUMBLED ONWARD. AS THEY PASSED A THICK CLUMP OF BUSHES...





THE HUNTED MEN HEARD THE GERMAN SOLDIERS PASS THEIR HIDING PLACE... AND STOP!

IT IS NO GOOD, HERR LEUTNANT... WE HAVE LOST THEM!

TEUFEL! THERE WILL BE TROUBLE OVER THIS!



THE SOLDIERS DEJECTEDLY RETRACED THEIR STEPS AND THE SIX MEN BREATHED HEARTFELT SIGHS OF RELIEF.

PHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE!

AH, MY BRAVE FRIENDS, YOU HAVE SAVED OUR LIVES! YOU MUST COME WITH US... WE WILL HIDE YOU FROM THE BOCHES!



THE TWO CRASHED FLYERS HAD FALLEN AMONG FRIENDS.



## Chapter 2. MAQUIS AMBUSH

THE FRENCHMEN LED THEIR RESCUERS BY DEVIOUS AND CONCEALED PATHS TO THEIR HIDE-OUT IN THE HEART OF THE FOREST. THERE THEY RECEIVED A RAPTUROUS WELCOME.

PIERRE! JACQUES! WHAT MIRACLE IS THIS? HOW DID YOU ESCAPE FROM THE BOCHES?

IT WAS A MIRACLE INDEED! THERE WE STOOD BEFORE THE FIRING SQUAD... OUR LAST MOMENT HAD COME. THEN... POUF... THE BRITISH FLYERS CAME FROM NOWHERE, HURL THEMSELVES AT THE BOCHES... AND WE RUN FOR OUR LIVES!



AFTER THEY HAD EATEN A MEAL, PIERRE MAUBERT, THE LEADER OF THE RESISTANCE GROUP, TALKED WITH JINGO COLLINS AND TOM BOSWELL.

HOW IS IT THAT YOU AND YOUR MEN WERE NOT TAKEN WITH THEM?

THREE MONTHS AGO THE ACCURSED BOCHE CAME TO OUR VILLAGE, NANTIVY. THEY HERDED EVERY PERSON... MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN... INTO LORRIES AS IF THEY WERE CATTLE. YOU SEE, THIS AREA HAS BEEN TAKEN OVER BY THE WEHRMACHT. NO CIVILIANS ARE ALLOWED IN IT, AND ALL WHO LIVED HERE HAVE BEEN TAKEN TO SLAVE CAMPS IN GERMANY.





ALL THE MEN WERE PACKED INTO ONE LORRY...THE GUARDS BECAME CARELESS AND WE ATTACKED THEM. THE LORRY CRASHED INTO THE TREES, AND THOSE OF US WHO WERE NOT TOO BADLY HURT, ESCAPED INTO THE FOREST. OUR... FAMILIES WERE TAKEN ON INTO GERMANY.



THE TRAGEDY OF THESE SIMPLE FRENCHMEN, WHO COULD NEVER BE SURE WHETHER THEY WOULD EVER SEE THEIR FAMILIES AGAIN, TOUCHED THE BRITISH AIRMEN DEEPLY. IT WAS TOM WHO HESITATINGLY RAISED THE SUBJECT OF THEIR OWN ESCAPE.

WHAT CHANCE IS THERE OF OUR GETTING THROUGH THE GERMAN LINES? DO YOU THINK YOU COULD HELP US TO REJOIN THE BRITISH?

M'SIEUR, IT IS IMPOSSIBLE! THE OPEN COUNTRY SWARMS WITH BOCHES AS IF THEY WERE VERMIN. WE ARE ONLY ABLE TO MOVE IN THE FORESTS WHERE THEY DARE NOT FOLLOW US.



THAT NIGHT, TOM AND JINGO LAY IN A ROUGH SHELTER OF TWIGS AND LEAVES. TOM STIRRED RESTLESSLY...

THERE MUST BE SOME WAY OF GETTING BACK, JINGO. SUPPOSING WE STRIKE SOUTH AND THEN EAST...PERHAPS WE COULD GET THROUGH THEN.

TOM, OLD SPORT... STOP BEATING YOUR HEAD AGAINST A WALL. LEAVE IT A DAY OR TWO UNTIL WE KNOW MORE OF THE COUNTRY. I COULD DO WITH A SPOT OF SHUT-EYE RIGHT NOW.





BUT THE DAYS STRETCHED INTO TWO WEEKS BECAUSE THE MAQUIS HAD NOT DARED TO VENTURE FROM THEIR HIDING PLACE WITH THE GERMANS SCOURING THE AREA FOR THEM. THEN, ONE DAY...

HEY, TOM, SOMETHING'S STIRRING! THE MAQUIS ARE PLANNING A RAID FOR TOMORROW. THEY'D LIKE US TO JOIN IN WITH 'EM. HOW ABOUT IT?

WELL, I DON'T KNOW, JINGO... THESE LADS DON'T STRIKE ME AS VERY EFFICIENT. I RECKON WE'D BE STICKING OUR NECKS OUT.



HOWEVER, JINGO WAS RELUCTANT TO LEAVE THE MATTER THERE.

THAT MAY BE SO BUT I THINK THEY'D BE RATHER OFFENDED IF WE DIDN'T GO WITH THEM. ANYWAY, I'M BROWNE OFF WITH HANGING AROUND HERE.

SO AM I, DON'T WORRY. ALL RIGHT, JINGO... I GUESS WE'D BETTER GO.



AT DAWN THE NEXT DAY, THE FLYING OFFICER AND HIS SERGEANT NAVIGATOR SET OUT WITH THE MEN OF THE RESISTANCE ON A MISSION VERY STRANGE TO THEM.





THEY REACHED A HILL OVERLOOKING THE ROAD WHERE PIERRE INTENDED TO AMBUSH A GERMAN CONVOY.

MANY LORRIES COME DOWN THIS ROAD. WE WILL ATTACK A CONVOY AS IT COMES THROUGH THE FOREST. THERE IS MUCH COVER BELOW HERE.

SOUNDS OKAY TO ME!



BUT TOM SAW THE DRAWBACKS OF SUCH A PLAN OF ATTACK.

MAY I SUGGEST, PIERRE, THAT IT WOULD BE BETTER TO TACKLE THEM FROM BOTH SIDES OF THE ROAD. IT WILL SPLIT THEIR STRENGTH IF THEY COUNTER-ATTACK.

H'MM! BUT OUR MEN ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROAD WILL BE CUT OFF FROM BASE. THAT WILL BE DANGEROUS, M'SIEUR!

GIVE ME ONE MAN WHO KNOWS THE WOODS WELL, PIERRE. JUST TWO OF US COULD DODGE THE JERRIES EASILY.

PERHAPS YOU ARE RIGHT, M'SIEUR. GEORGES, THE MISERABLE OLD RASCAL, KNOWS THE FOREST BETTER THAN ANY MAN HERE. HE WAS A POACHER IN HAPPIER TIMES, THOUGH HE WOULD NOT ADMIT IT.





A FEW MINUTES LATER, GEORGES AND TOM SCURRIED ACROSS THE STILL EMPTY ROAD WHILE THE OTHER MAQUIS POSITIONED THEMSELVES FOR THE AMBUSH.



THE AIRMAN AND HIS TACITURN COMPANION HAD SCARCELY REACHED COVER WHEN THE FIRST GERMAN TRUCKS CAME INTO SIGHT.

PITY WE COULDN'T DESTROY THE BRIDGE, GEORGES... BUT PERHAPS WE CAN BLOCK IT.

HUH!

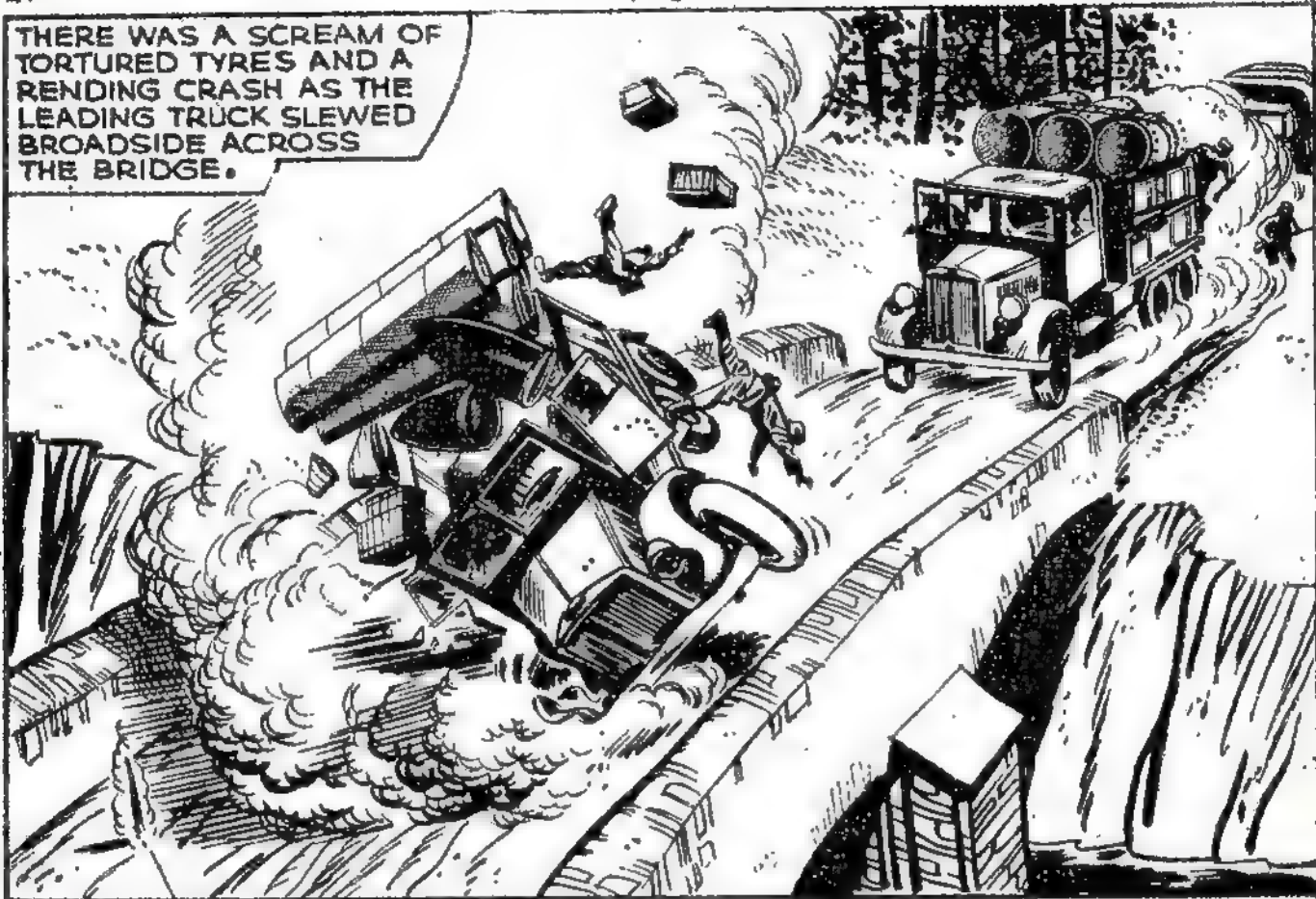


THE FIRST VEHICLE WAS TEN YARDS FROM THE SMALL STONE BRIDGE WHEN THE MAQUIS STRUCK.





THERE WAS A SCREAM OF TORTURED TYRES AND A RENDING CRASH AS THE LEADING TRUCK SLEWED BROADSIDE ACROSS THE BRIDGE.



SOME LORRIES DISGORGED FULLY ARMED GERMAN SOLDIERS AND THEY QUICKLY WENT INTO ACTION AGAINST THEIR ATTACKERS.

ADVANCE INTO THE FOREST... DRIVE THE FRENCH CURS AWAY FROM THE ROAD..





BUT BEFORE THE GERMANS COULD REACH THE TREES, THEY CAME UNDER A SCATHING FIRE FROM TOM BOSWELL'S BREN GUN. THEY HESITATED... AND FOUND THEMSELVES PINNED DOWN AMONGST THE LORRIES.





HELP WAS ON THE WAY TO THE TRAPPED GERMANS, HOWEVER...



ENGINE ROARING, THE ARMoured CAR BEGAN TO NOSE THE WRECKED LORRY ASIDE...





THE FIRING CEASED FROM THE FAR SIDE OF THE ROAD AS THE ARMoured CAR ADVANCED WITH ITS GUNS CHATTERING VICIOUSLY. TOM AND HIS EX-POACHER COMPANION SLIPPED AWAY AMONGST THE TREES.

LEAD THE WAY, GEORGES...



WITH NO MORE THAN AN OCCASIONAL TERSE DIRECTION, THE OLD FRENCHMAN LED TOM UNERRINGLY THROUGH THE SEEMINGLY TRACKLESS FOREST.

SOON WE COME TO ROAD AGAIN... THEN WE RUN... VITE!

DON'T WORRY, GEORGES, YOU WON'T LEAVE ME BEHIND.



THEY REACHED THE MAQUIS CAMP SAFELY... AND FOUND THEIR COMRADES JUBILANT AT THE SUCCESS OF THE RAID.

AH, MES AMIS... YOU ARE SAFE! WHAT A VICTORY!

WIZARD PRANG, OLD BOY!

WE CERTAINLY MUCKED UP THAT CONVOY, JINGO... BUT THAT'S NOT THE IMPORTANT THING!





JINGO LOOKED PUZZLED.

WHAT  
D'YOU MEAN,  
TOM?

DIDN'T YOU NOTICE ...  
WHAT WAS ON THOSE TRUCKS?  
AMONGST OTHER THINGS  
THERE WERE SECTIONS OF  
SMALL FUSELAGES AND WINGS.  
**IT MUST HAVE BEEN  
A SUPPLY CONVOY  
FOR A FLYING  
BOMB BASE!**



THERE WAS A FIGHTING  
QUALITY IN TOM BOSWELL'S  
CHARACTER THAT RESPONDED  
EAGERLY TO THIS CHALLENGE.

IF IT'S  
IN THIS AREA,  
MAYBE WE CAN  
FINISH WHAT WE  
CAME OVER HERE  
TO DO... **MAYBE  
WE CAN FIND  
OUT WHERE  
IT IS!**





# Chapter 3. FORBIDDEN AREA

NEXT DAY, TOM DISCUSSED THE POSSIBLE LOCATION OF THE FLYING BOMB BASE WITH THE MAQUIS LEADER, PIERRE MAUBERT.



HAVE YOU ANY IDEA WHERE THE LAUNCHING SITE MIGHT BE, PIERRE?

NO DOUBT IT IS IN THE AREA FORBIDDEN TO US, M'SIEUR. I WILL SHOW YOU A MAP OF OUR DISTRICT...

PIERRE PRODUCED A TATTERED, CRUMPLED MAP...



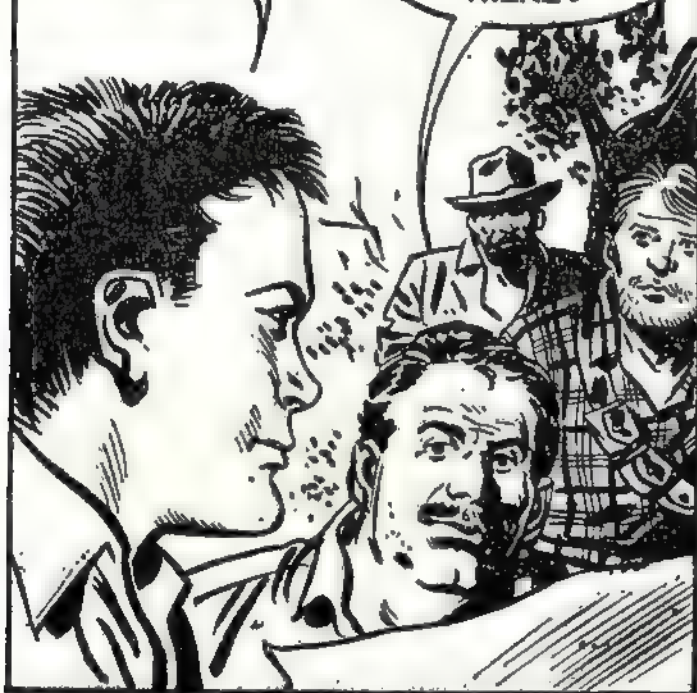
SEE... IN THE MINE, PERHAPS... OR IN THIS FOREST, THE BOIS DES COLOMBES... WHO KNOWS? IT IS DEATH TO GO TO THOSE PLACES!



THE R.A.F. SERGEANT WAS NOT TO BE PUT OFF SO EASILY.

DO ANY OF YOUR MEN KNOW OF THE MINE? IS THERE NO WAY OF GETTING INTO IT WITHOUT BEING SEEN?

I WORKED IN THE MINE MYSELF, M'SIEUR! BUT IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO ENTER IT NOW THAT THE GERMANS ARE THERE.



TOM'S SPIRITS DROOPED. THEN AN OLD FRENCHMAN SPOKE UP, GESTICULATING SCORNFULLY.

IMBECILE! WHAT DO YOU YOUNG FOOLS KNOW OF THE MINE? THERE IS ANOTHER WAY WHICH A BRAVE MAN MIGHT TAKE! THROUGH THE SOUSTELLE CULVERT TO THE DISUSED SOUTHERN ENTRANCE.



WHAT MADNESS! THE CULVERT IS FULL OF LAND-MINES... YOU KNOW THAT VERY WELL, JEAN.

BUT THE WORDS OF THE OLD MINER, JEAN COTTEAU, HAD SPARKED OFF ONCE MORE TOM'S RESOLVE TO SEARCH FOR THE HIDDEN VI SITE.

LAND-MINES? IF WE TREAD CAREFULLY WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO AVOID THEM. HOW ABOUT COMING WITH ME, PIERRE... YOU WILL KNOW YOUR WAY ROUND THE MINE ONCE WE'RE INSIDE?



I OWE YOU MY LIFE, M'SIEUR... THAT I CANNOT FORGET. I WILL COME WITH YOU!





TOM AND PIERRE MADE THEIR WAY SOUTHWESTWARDS. WHEN THEY LEFT THE COVER OF THE WOODS THEY CREPT ALONG HEDGEROWS AND DASHED ACROSS OPEN SPACES UNTIL THEY REACHED THE UPPER REACHES OF THE RIVER TRAPEL.



THE RIVER HERE WAS SHALLOW, HOWEVER, AND THEY MET LITTLE FURTHER HINDRANCE BEFORE THEY REACHED THE MARSHES AT THE FOOT OF THE HILL INTO WHICH THE MINE'S SHAFTS WERE BORED.





THE TREACHEROUS MUD CLUTCHED AT THE LEGS OF THE TWO MEN AS THEY STEATHILY CROSSED THE MARSH FROM ONE PATCH OF FIRMER GROUND TO ANOTHER.

IT IS NOT FAR NOW, M'SIEUR.



THE RIVER TUCON, THE MAIN TRIBUTARY OF THE TRAPEL, WAS FED FROM THE MARSHES AND FOR THE SECTION OF ITS LENGTH WHERE IT THREATENED TO UNDERMINE THE HILL, IT PASSED THROUGH AN OLD BRICK-LINED TUNNEL OR CULVERT. THIS WAS TOM AND PIERRE'S FIRST OBJECTIVE.

NOW WE MUST WATCH EVERY STEP, PIERRE... AND THIS TIME, I THINK YOU'D BETTER FOLLOW ME.



THEY HAD NOT VENTURED TWO YARDS INTO THE INKY BLACKNESS OF THE TUNNEL WHEN TOM'S QUESTING FINGERS FELT A TRIP WIRE A FEW INCHES BELOW THE SURFACE OF THE WATER.

STEP HIGH HERE ... SEE THE WIRE, PIERRE!





THE FRENCHMAN GINGERLY STEPPED OVER THE TRIP WIRE... AND AT THAT MOMENT, THERE WAS A SUDDEN SCUFFLE ABOVE THEM AND A DARK SHAPE BRUSHED ACROSS THEIR HEADS.



IN THE NEXT FEW YARDS, TOM FOUND THREE MORE BOOBY TRAPS WHICH THEY AVOIDED. THEN THEY WERE ABLE TO MAKE QUICKER PROGRESS FOR A WHILE.





IT WAS A SLOW, NERVE-RACKING TRUDGE THROUGH THE WATER AND SLIME IN THE BOTTOM OF THE CULVERT... WITH THE HIDDEN MENACE OF THE DEADLY BOOBY TRAPS AWAITING THE FIRST CARELESS STEP.

IT  
CAN'T BE  
FAR NOW,  
PIERRE...



ALL TOM'S STRENGTH WAS NEEDED TO FORCE THE HEAVY INSPECTION COVER OUT OF ITS SEATING.

IT...IT'S  
GIVING...





A QUICK BUT SEARCHING  
SURVEY OF THE  
SURROUNDINGS REVEALED  
NO GERMANS . . .



THE FRENCHMAN LED TOM  
BOSWELL ALONG A TORTUOUS  
NARROW PATH UP THE STEEP  
HILLSIDE UNTIL THEY  
REACHED A WIDE LEDGE . . .

SEE...  
THERE IS  
THE OPENING  
TO THE  
MINE .

GOOD,  
IT DOES  
NOT SEEM  
TO BE  
GUARDED.





THE TWO MEN DARTED FROM SHADOW TO SHADOW UNTIL THEY REACHED THE MINE ENTRANCE.



PIERRE HAD TO DRAW UPON HIS MEMORY OF THE MINE'S LABYRINTH OF TUNNELS AS THEY GROPED THEIR WAY DOWN TOWARDS THE MAIN WORKINGS.

TWO MORE TURNS AND WE WILL REACH THE FIRST LEVELS, M'SIEUR.

THEN WE MUST GO MORE CAUTIOUSLY, PIERRE.



IN A WIDE GALLERY DIMLY LIT BY ELECTRIC LIGHT, THEY FOUND THE FIRST EVIDENCE THAT THE GERMANS WERE USING THE MINE.



AH! THOSE ARE FLYING BOMB PARTS. ALL RIGHT, PIERRE, DO YOU THINK YOU COULD FIND YOUR WAY TO THE NORTHERN EXITS? THAT'S WHERE THE LAUNCHING RAMPS WILL BE IF THERE ARE ANY. I WILL EXPLORE FURTHER HERE.

OUI, M'SIEUR... I WILL RETURN TO THIS POINT.





TOM FOUND THAT THE UPPER LEVELS OF THE MINE WERE FULL OF V1 PARTS AND ACCESSORIES.

WARHEADS! A THOUSAND POUNDS OF EXPLOSIVE EACH... ENOUGH HERE TO BLOW THE LID OFF THE MINE!



WITHIN FIFTEEN MINUTES, PIERRE HAD RETURNED.

WHAT LUCK, PIERRE?

NONE, MY FRIEND! THE MAIN EXITS ARE GUARDED BUT THERE ARE NO LAUNCHING RAMPS HERE IN THE MINE!



TOM SHRUGGED... AT LEAST THEY HAD CONFIRMED THAT THE FLYING BOMB SITE MUST BE IN THE VICINITY.

PITY! IF THEY HAD BEEN HERE, WE COULD HAVE BLOWN UP THESE WARHEADS AND THE LAUNCHING RAMPS AT THE SAME TIME.

WHY DO WE NOT DESTROY THEM AFTER ALL, M'SIEUR?

IT IS MORE IMPORTANT TO FIND THE SITES, PIERRE. THIS MATERIAL CAN EASILY BE REPLACED BY THE GERMANS.



WHEN THE TWO MEN REACHED THE SURFACE, THE MOON WAS DOWN AND THEY HAD NO DIFFICULTY IN RE-ENTERING THE MANHOLE LEADING INTO THE CULVERT UNSEEN, TIRED, NERVES STRAINED TO THE UTMOST, TOM AND PIERRE RETRACED THEIR PERILOUS JOURNEY... BACK TO THE MAQUIS CAMP DEEP IN THE FORESTS.



BY THE TIME THEIR COMRADES HAD HEARD THEIR STORY OVER A SPARSE FRENCH BREAKFAST OF FRESHLY BAKED BREAD AND COFFEE, BOTH TOM AND PIERRE COULD HARDLY KEEP THEIR EYES OPEN.

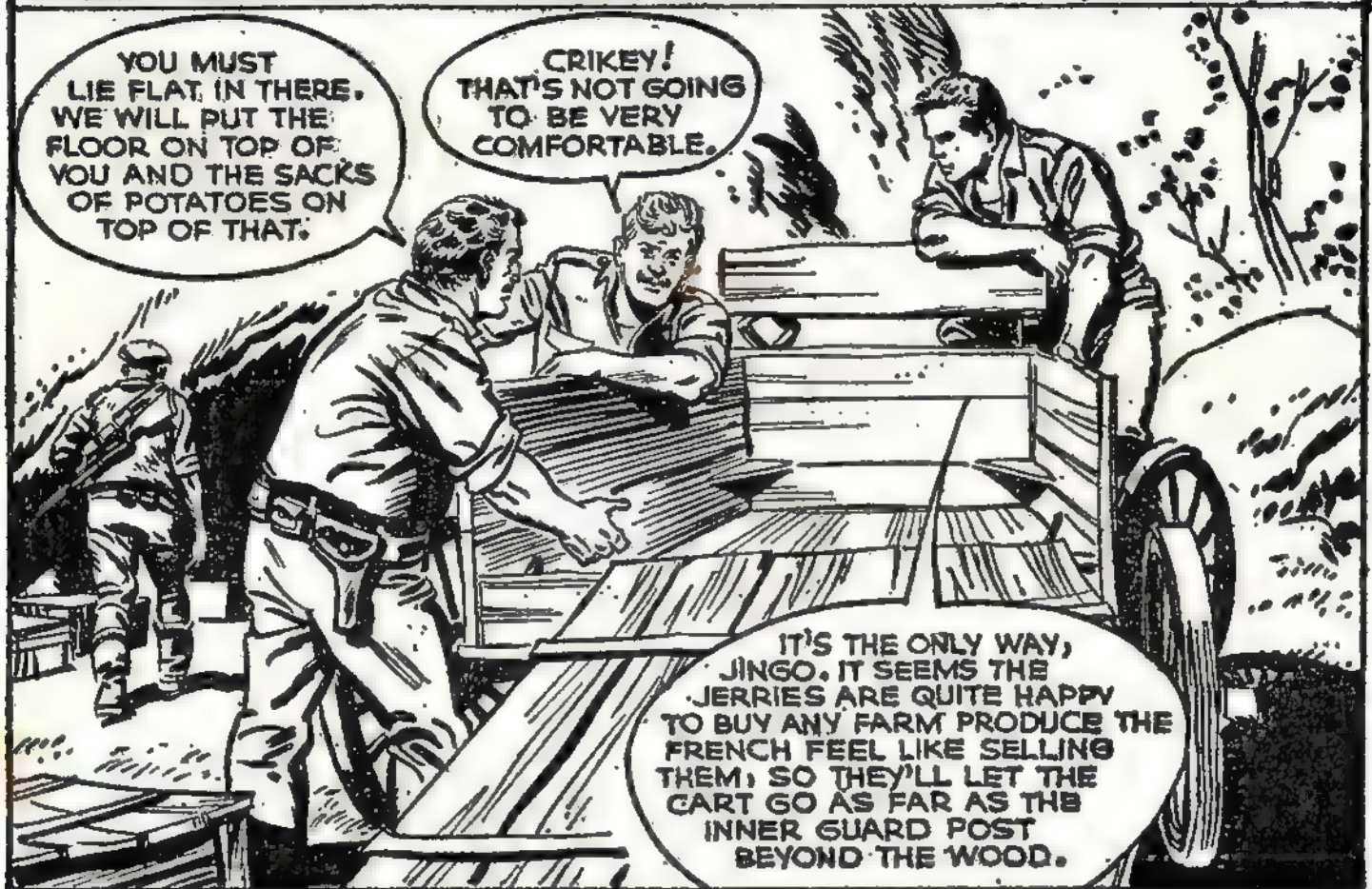


MUCH REFRESHED THE NEXT MORNING, TOM AND PIERRE MAUBERT JOINED JINGO COLLINS AND A FEW OF THE RESISTANCE LEADERS IN A CONFERENCE.





BUT FIRST, CERTAIN PREPARATIONS HAD TO BE MADE TO REACH THE BOIS DES COLOMBES WHICH WAS WITHIN THE AREA, CLOSELY GUARDED BY THE GERMANS.



ANOTHER DAY PASSED BEFORE THEY WERE READY FOR THEIR RECONNAISSANCE AND ALL THE TIME, TOM WAS UNCOMFORTABLY AWARE THAT THE V. I. S MUST STILL BE ROCKETING BLINDLY, BUT UNERRINGLY, ACROSS THE CHANNEL TO LONDON.





THE FALSE FLOOR WAS LAID OVER THE THREE MEN AND THEN THE SACKS OF POTATOES WERE LOADED ABOARD. ONE OF THE MAQUIS CLIMBED ON TO THE DRIVING SEAT AND THEY SET OFF.

COME,  
LOUIS... ALL  
IS CLEAR! GOOD  
LUCK, MES BRAVES.



THE CART RUMBLLED ALONG THE ROAD... AND ITS HUMAN CARGO WAS BRUISED AND SHAKEN BY THE JOLTING AND CHOKED BY THE DUST STIRRED UP BY THE WHEELS. AFTER WHAT SEEMED AN ETERNITY, THE CART APPROACHED A GERMAN ROAD BLOCK.

HALT!  
WHAT HAVE  
YOU IN THE CART,  
FRENCHMAN?

POTATOES.  
I WISH TO SELL  
THEM TO YOUR  
QUARTERMASTER.





THE GERMAN SENTRY STALKED FORWARD AND PEERED INTO THE CART. THEN HE PLUNGED HIS BAYONET INTO EACH OF THE SACKS IN TURN AND PRODDED SUSPICIOUSLY BENEATH THEM.

CAREFUL, THERE! YOUR OFFICERS WILL NOT LIKE THEIR POTATOES CHOPPED UP FOR THEM.

THEY'LL CHOP ME UP IF ANYONE IS ALLOWED TO PASS THIS POST WITHOUT PERMISSION.



AT LAST THE SENTRY WAS SATISFIED AND PASSED THE CART ON ITS WAY.

REPORT TO THE NEXT GUARD POST... THERE YOU MUST UNLOAD YOUR POTATOES AND RETURN ALONG THIS ROAD.

GUARD POST THREE REPORTING. ONE CART LOADED WITH POTATOES JUST LEAVING HERE. ONE FRENCHMAN DRIVING IT.





AS SOON AS THE CART WAS OUT OF SIGHT OF THE ROAD BLOCK, LOUIS PULLED THE OLD HORSE TO A HALT. THEN HE BEGAN TO SHIFT THE SACKS SO THAT HIS HIDDEN PASSENGERS COULD GET OUT.

OOUF! BOY, DOES THIS FRESH AIR TASTE GOOD!

QUICKLY, MESSIEURS... I MUST GET ON TO THE NEXT POST OR THE BOCHES WILL COME LOOKING FOR ME. REMEMBER, I WILL BE BACK THIS WAY WITH ANOTHER LOAD ONE HOUR BEFORE SUNSET. IF YOU ARE NOT HERE, I CANNOT WAIT.



THE THREE MEN SET OFF INTO THE WOODS, LEAVING THE RESISTANCE MAN TO CONTINUE HIS JOURNEY.





ALL THAT DAY THEY EXPLORED THE WOODS, A TASK MADE DIFFICULT BY THE NUMEROUS GERMAN PATROLS IN THE AREA. BUT THEY DID NOT FIND A SINGLE SIGN OF A FLYING BOMB LAUNCHING SITE.

WELL, THAT'S THAT! THE PERISHING THINGS AREN'T BEING LAUNCHED FROM THIS NECK OF THE WOODS. WE MIGHT AS WELL GET BACK TO THE RENDEZVOUS WITH LOUIS.

I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, JINGO... THE TIME'S GETTING ON.



THEY FINISHED THEIR FOOD AND REACHED DOWN FOR THEIR WEAPONS... AND AT THAT MOMENT, THERE WAS A LOUD RUSTLE AMONGST THE DRY UNDERGROWTH AND INTO SIGHT STEPPED YET ANOTHER ENEMY PATROL.

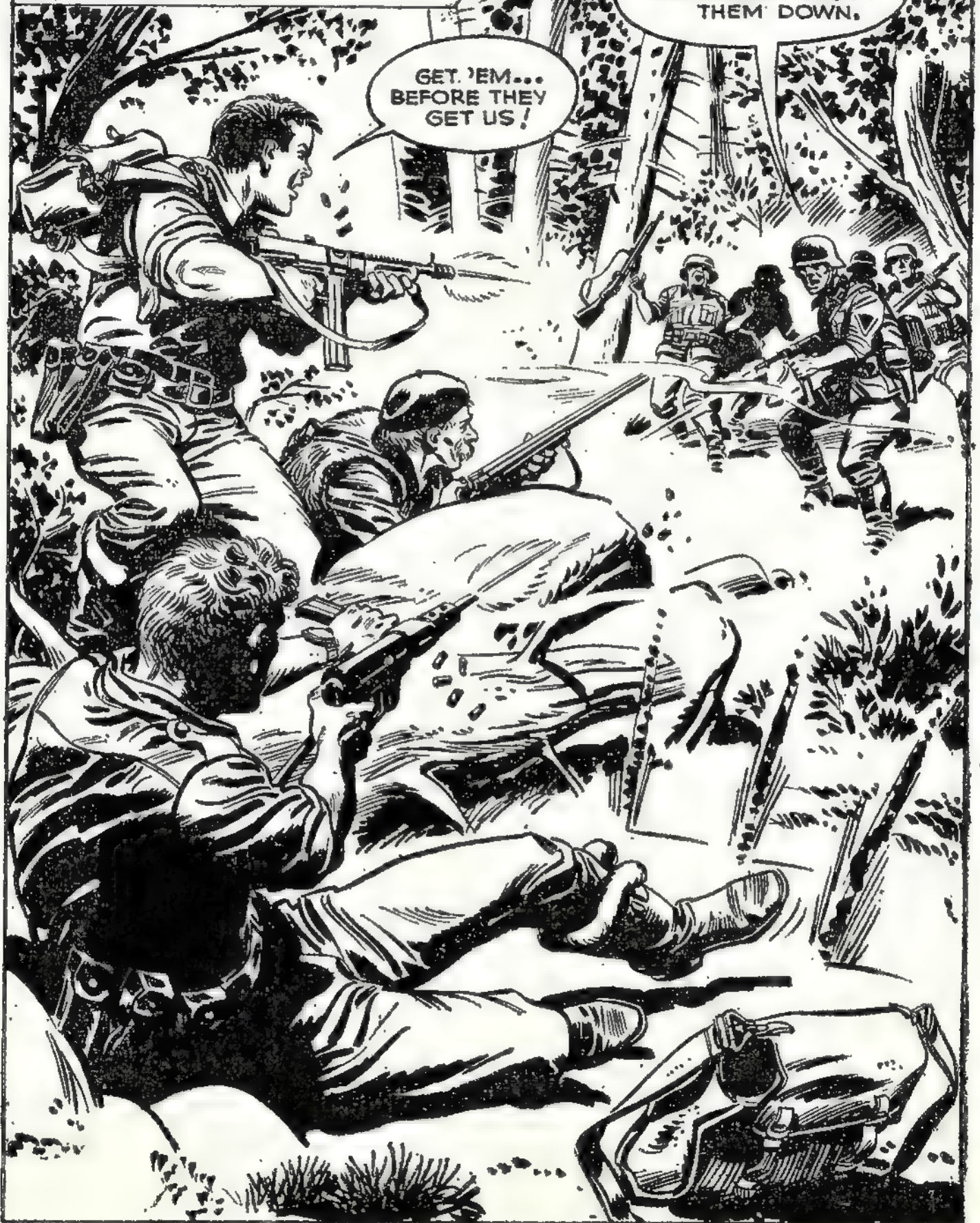




FOR A BARELY PERCEPTIBLE FRACTION OF TIME THE MEN STARED AT EACH OTHER... THEN EACH SIDE SPRANG INTO FRANTIC ACTION.

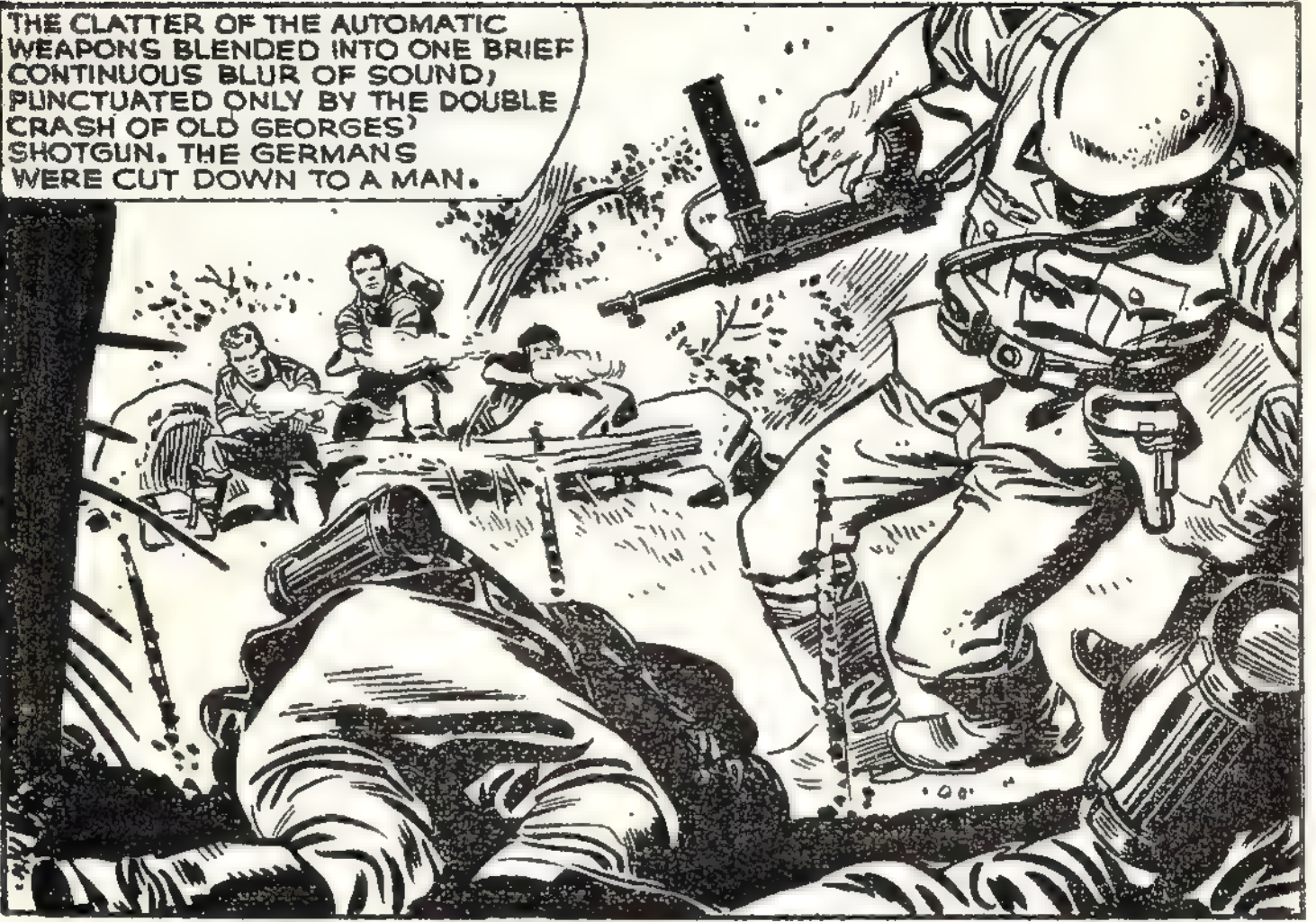
FRENCH TRAITORS AND SPIES! SHOOT THEM DOWN.

GET 'EM... BEFORE THEY GET US!





THE CLATTER OF THE AUTOMATIC WEAPONS BLENDED INTO ONE BRIEF CONTINUOUS BLUR OF SOUND, PUNCTUATED ONLY BY THE DOUBLE CRASH OF OLD GEORGES' SHOTGUN. THE GERMANS WERE CUT DOWN TO A MAN.



A DEATHLY SILENCE DESCENDED ON THE SCENE... THEN FROM THE DISTANCE CAME OMINOUS HARSH SHOUTS. THE THREE COMPANIONS LOOKED AT EACH OTHER...



THEY'RE  
ON TO US!  
WE MUST GET  
AWAY FROM  
HERE.

FOLLOW  
ME, AND KEEP  
CLOSE AT MY HEELS  
OR YOU WILL  
BE LOST.



WITHOUT ANOTHER WORD GEORGES TURNED AND LED THE WAY INTO THE DENSE UNDERGROWTH. THEIR LIVES NOW DEPENDED ON THE OLD POACHER'S KNOWLEDGE OF THE FOREST'S SECRET PATHS.



THEY HAD BEEN MAKING FAST PROGRESS FOR TEN MINUTES BUT WITH THE SOUNDS OF PURSUIT STILL BEHIND THEM, WHEN JINGO, WHO WAS BRINGING UP THE REAR, CAUGHT HIS FOOT ON A TREE ROOT.



SPRAWLED FLAT ON HIS FACE IN THE BRACKEN, JINGO BECAME CONSCIOUS OF A SHARP, STABBING PAIN IN HIS ANKLE. HIS COMPANIONS, APPARENTLY, HAD NOT NOTICED HIS MISHAP.





HE LEVERED HIMSELF TO HIS FEET AND BEGAN TO HOBBLE IN THE DIRECTION TOM AND GEORGES HAD TAKEN. BUT NOW HE COULD HEAR THE GERMANS CLOSE BEHIND HIM.

THE JERRIES ARE GETTING CLOSER... I'VE HAD IT UNLESS I CAN SLOW THEM DOWN SOMEHOW. I WONDER...



JINGO FUMBLING IN HIS POCKET... AND PRODUCED HIS CIGARETTE LIGHTER. HE FLICKED IT INTO FLAME...



THE FLAMES SPREAD RAPIDLY THROUGH THE DRY GRASS, LICKING GREEDILY INTO THE BUSHES AND AT THE BARK OF THE TREES...

JINGO! GREAT SCOTT! WHAT HAPPENED?

I'VE TWISTED MY ANKLE... SO I'VE PUT UP A BIT OF A SMOKE SCREEN.

THE FIRE... IT GALLOPS TOWARDS US... WE MUST RUN!!





IT WAS OBVIOUS NOW THAT THE WIND WAS SWEEPING THE FIRE AFTER THE THREE MEN... AS MERCILESS A HUNTER AS THE GERMANS THEMSELVES.

IT'S  
BEATING  
US!

IN A  
MOMENT WE  
REACH THE  
RIVER...



ACRID SMOKE PIERCED WITH TONGUES OF FLAME SWIRLED ABOUT THE COMRADES AS THEY PLUNGED INTO THE RIVER...





THEY CROUCHED LOW IN THE WATER WHILST THE HOLOCAUST ROARED AROUND AND ABOVE THEM.

WITH ANY LUCK THE JERRIES WILL THINK WE'VE BOUGHT IT IN THE FIRE.

BUT THEY'LL BE EXTRA ALERT. IT MIGHT BE BETTER IF WE FOUND ANOTHER WAY HOME, GEORGES.



BUT NOW GERMAN SOLDIERS WERE TO BE SEEN AMONGST THE TREES BEYOND THE FAR BANK OF THE RIVER... NO DOUBT BROUGHT THERE TO TACKLE THE FIRE SHOULD IT LEAP THE WATER BARRIER.

LOOK! JERRIES! THE OTHER BANK IS ALIVE WITH THEM!

THEN WE MUST GO THE OTHER WAY PAST THE VILLAGE AND ROUND THE FAR SIDE OF THE MINE.




TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE SMOKE THAT EDDIED LOW OVER THE WATER, TOM LED THE OTHER TWO CAUTIOUSLY DOWNSTREAM UNTIL THEY REACHED THE FRINGE OF THE BURNING AREA.

OUT YOU COME. NOW LET'S GET OUT OF THIS HOTSPOT.

HOT? I'M CHILLED TO THE MARROW. ONE THING, MY ANKLE FEELS BETTER.





*Chapter 4.***LAUNCHING SITE**

A LITTLE OVER AN HOUR LATER THEY WERE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF NANTIVY, THE VILLAGE, ORIGINALLY OCCUPIED BY THE MAQUIS, THAT HAD BEEN CLEARED BY THE GERMANS.

SEE OUR POOR VILLAGE...  
THE BOCHE PIGS  
USE IT AS IF IT  
WERE THEIRS!

FROM SOMEWHERE ON THEIR LEFT, A MUFFLED THROBBING ROAR DISTURBED THE SILENCE OF THE NIGHT AND AS THEIR HEADS TURNED THAT WAY, THE NOISE CAME CLOSER, MAGNIFIED A HUNDRED TIMES.



A DOODLEBUG!



WITH WONDERING EYES, TOM STARED AFTER THE FLICKERING FLAME OF THE V1 AS IT DWINDLED INTO THE NIGHT SKY.

IT HAS ONLY JUST BEEN LAUNCHED! WE'VE FOUND THE SITE! IT'S IN THE VILLAGE!



THEY FOUND THE LAUNCHING RAMP BESIDE A CART TRACK LEADING TO A BARN...

THE CUNNING DEVILS! NO WONDER WE NEVER FOUND THIS SITE. I BET THAT BARN IS USED AS AN ASSEMBLY BUILDING AND I SUPPOSE THE HOUSES HAVE BEEN CONVERTED INTO CONTROL AND FIRING POINTS.





JINGO AND GEORGES LOOKED ABOUT THEM ANXIOUSLY BUT TOM BOSWELL'S EYES WERE SEARCHING THE TRACERY OF BRANCHES WHICH HAD BEEN LEFT OVERHANGING THE RAMP AS A CAMOUFLAGE.

NOW WE KNOW, LET'S PUSH OFF AND TRY TO GET THE GEN BACK. IT MAKES ME NERVOUS STANDING HERE WITH THE JERRIES ALL ROUND US.

SEEMS A PITY TO LEAVE THINGS AS THEY ARE. HANG ON HERE, YOU TWO... I WON'T BE MINUTE.



CARRYING THE SLINGS FROM HIS OWN AND JINGO'S STEN GUNS, TOM CLIMBED THE TRESTLES SUPPORTING THE LAUNCHING RAMP.



GO CAREFUL, YOU CRAZY COOT!



BALANCED PRECARIOUSLY TWENTY FEET ABOVE THE GROUND, TOM BENT A FIR BRANCH DOWNWARDS ACROSS THE RAMP AND SECURED IT WITH THE SLINGS.

IF THEY FIRE ANOTHER ONE OFF TONIGHT THERE'S A GOOD CHANCE THEY WON'T NOTICE THIS BRANCH IN THE DARKNESS.



AS TOM REJOINED JINGO AND GEORGES, THERE WAS A CLATTER OF MOVEMENT FROM THE BARN-LIKE BUILDING NEAR THE LOWER END OF THE RAMP, AND IN THE DISTANCE A TRUCK MOTOR RASPED INTO LIFE.

SOUNDS AS IF THEY'RE GOING TO PREPARE ANOTHER V I FOR LAUNCHING. LET'S GO, GEORGES!



THEY WERE A MILE BEYOND THE VILLAGE AND CLOSE TO THE ROAD WHICH BOUNDED THE NORTHERN SIDE OF THE MINE WHEN THE SOUND OF A FLYING BOMB'S MOTOR ECHOED ACROSS THE SILENT COUNTRYSIDE.

LISTEN! THAT'S A V STARTING UP.







SHOOTING UP THE 200 FOOT LONG STEEL RAMP; GATHERING SPEED EVERY SECOND, THE FLYING BOMB HURTLIED TOWARDS THE STURDY FIR BRANCH...



THE BOMB WAS TORN APART BY THE IMPACT...THE ENGINE FLEW UPWARDS FROM ITS MOUNTING; THE WINGS BUCKLED AND THE FUSELAGE WITH ITS TERRIBLE WARHEAD GRATED HARSHLY ALONG THE RAMP IN A SHOWER OF SPARKS... THEN EXPLODED!



THE WHITE GLARE OF THE EXPLOSION WAS SEEN BY THE GERMAN GUARDS AND THE CREW OF AN ARMoured PATROL CAR AT THE MINE ALMOST SIX SECONDS BEFORE THE SOUND REACHED THEIR EARS.



SO INTENT WERE THEY IN DISCUSSING THE POSSIBLE RESULTS OF SUCH AN ACCIDENT THAT THEY FAILED TO NOTICE THE THREE FIGURES DART ACROSS THE ROAD...





THE BOULDER-STREWN HILL-SIDE PROVIDED PLENTY OF COVER FOR THE TWO BRITISH AIRMEN AND THE FRENCHMAN AS THEY PLANNED THEIR NEXT MOVE...



TOM'S DARING PLAN DID NOT SEEM TO DISTURB THE IMPERTURBABLE EX-POACHER, GEORGES...

IT'S GOING TO TAKE ME TWENTY MINUTES TO GET INTO THE MINE, LAY SOME CHARGES AND GET BACK TO THE ROAD. DO YOU TWO RECKON YOU COULD GRAB THAT ARMoured CAR AND HAVE IT READY FOR A QUICK TAKE-OFF BY THEN?

A PLEASURE, M'SIEUR!

CAN DO, TOM!





AS TOM SCALED THE HILL TO THE SOUTHERN OPENING OF THE MINE WHICH HE AND PIERRE HAD PREVIOUSLY ENTERED, JINGO AND GEORGES MOVED SILENTLY DOWN TO THE ROADSIDE.



NEXT MOMENT, THE BUTT OF GEORGES' SHOTGUN DESCENDED ON THE GERMAN CORPORAL'S NECK... AND JINGO SPRANG INTO THE ROAD, STEN GUN POINTED MENACINGLY...





PARALYSED WITH FRIGHT, THE TWO GERMANS ALLOWED THEMSELVES TO BE BOUND AND GAGGED... AND ALL THE WHILE GEORGES BEWAILED THE DAMAGE TO HIS ANCIENT GUN.

AH! MY POOR GUN! IT WILL NEVER FIRE AGAIN.

NEVER MIND, GEORGES, I'LL BUY YOU A GOLD-PLATED ONE IF WE GET OUT OF THIS IN ONE PIECE.

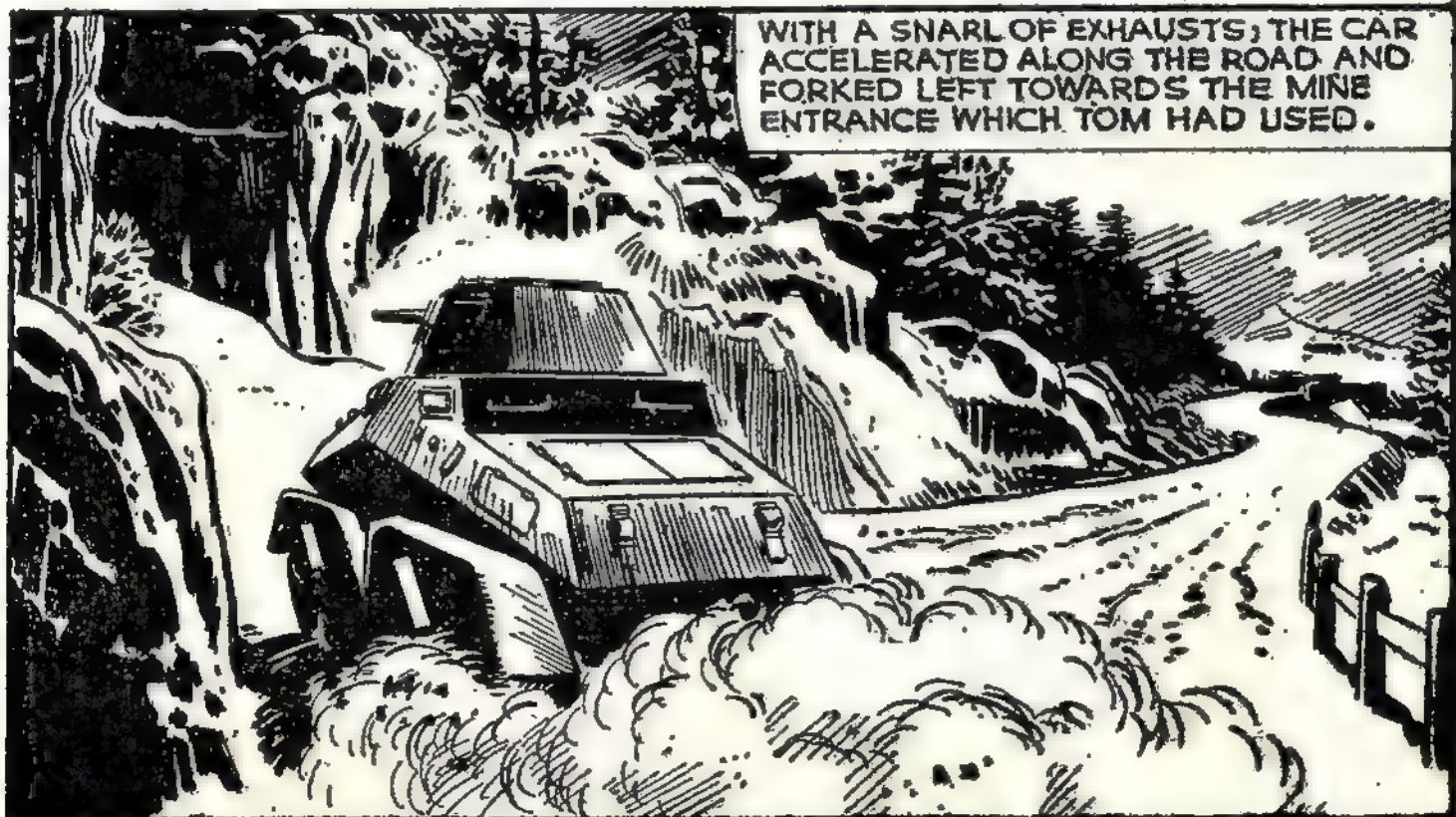


WITH THE GERMANS WELL HIDDEN AMONGST THE ROCKS OFF THE ROAD, JINGO AND GEORGES CLIMBED INTO THE ARMoured CAR.

HURRY UP, OLD CHAP... WE'VE ONLY GOT FIVE MINUTES TO SCOOT UP THE ROAD AND PICK UP TOM.



WITH A SNARL OF EXHAUSTS, THE CAR ACCELERATED ALONG THE ROAD AND FORKED LEFT TOWARDS THE MINE ENTRANCE WHICH TOM HAD USED.





JINGO SWUNG THE ARMoured CAR ROUND BEFORE THE OPENING JUST AS TOM RAN OUT INTO THE PALE LIGHT OF DAWN.

GOOD WORK! GEORGES!

PAH! IT WAS TOO EASY... THE BOCHES PUT UP NO MORE FIGHT THAN RABBITS.



AS SOON AS HE WAS INSIDE THE CAR, TOM CLAPPED JINGO ON THE SHOULDER.

LET HER RIP, JINGO! I DIDN'T HAVE VERY MUCH FUSE... SO I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG BEFORE IT GOES OFF.

RIGHTO! HOLD ON TO YOUR HATS!



JINGO COLLINS DROVE A CAR AS HE PILOTED A PLANE... WITH HAIR-RAISING BRILLIANCE. THE GERMAN SOLDIERS AT THE BRIDGE WATCHED IN SOME PUZZLEMENT AS THE PATROL CAR ROUNDED THE BEND OF THE ROAD IN ONE LONG CONTROLLED SKID.

CORPORAL KLAUSMAN IS IN A DEVILISH HURRY! WHAT'S BITTEN HIM... THEY'RE NOT DUE FOR RELIEF FOR ANOTHER HOUR YET?





ASTONISHMENT... THEN TERROR... SEIZED THE SENTRIES FOR THE ARMoured MONSTER ROARED TOWARDS THEM, ITS SPEED NOT SLACKENING FOR AN INSTANT. THEY LEAPED FOR THEIR LIVES.

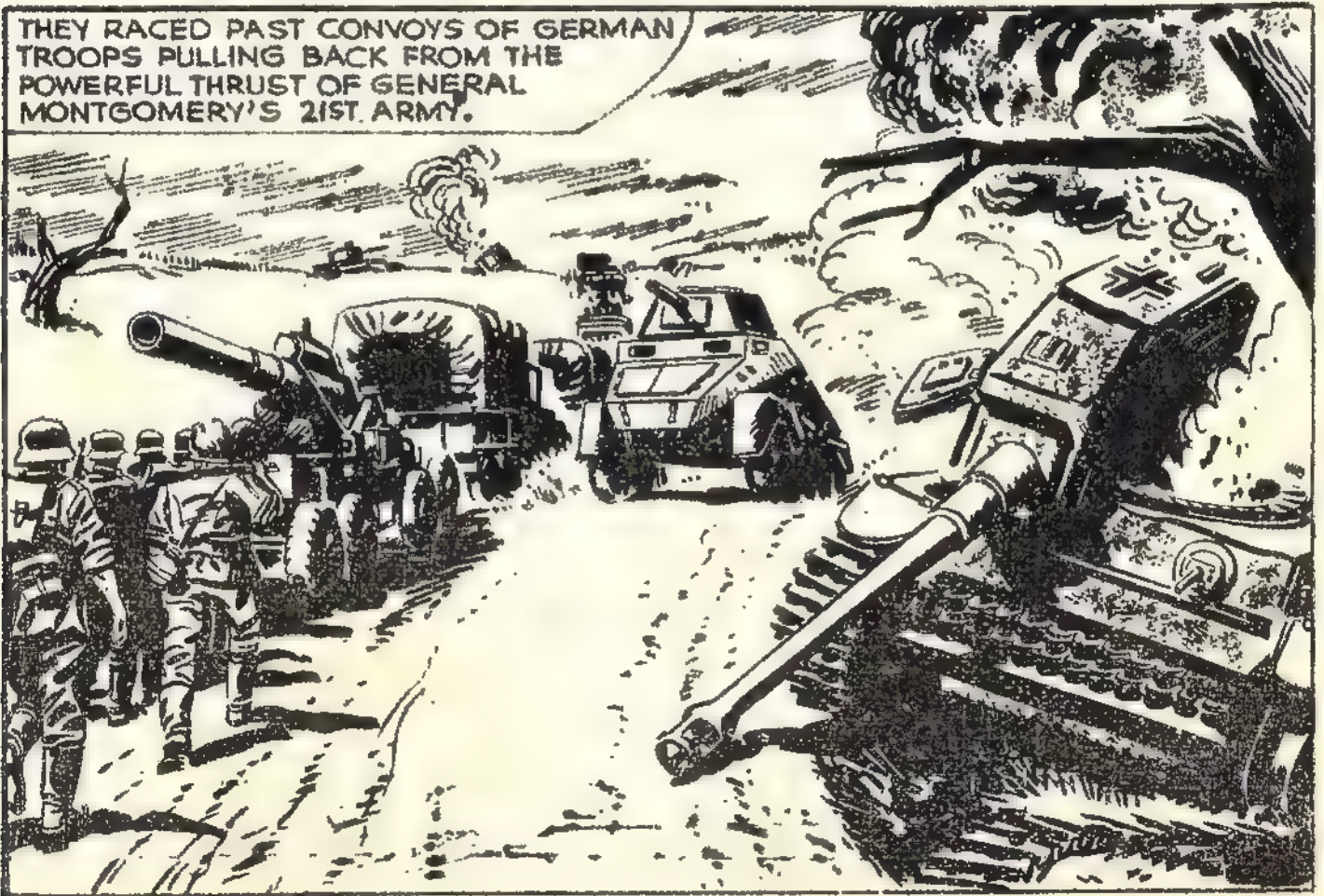




THE ARMoured CAR WAS  
A MILE AWAY FROM THE  
SCENE, GOING FLAT OUT,  
WHEN THE MINE'S STORE  
OF WARHEADS EXPLODED  
IN A TERRIFYING  
CATACLYSM OF SOUND  
AND FURY.



THEY RACED PAST CONVOYS OF GERMAN  
TROOPS PULLING BACK FROM THE  
POWERFUL THRUST OF GENERAL  
MONTGOMERY'S 21ST. ARMY.





SOON, THE SULLEN RUMBLE OF DISTANT GUNS HAD BECOME A DEAFENING ROAR AS LOUD AS THE THUNDER OF THEIR ENGINE. MAMMOTH TIGER TANKS WERE DEPLOYED IN THE FIELDS BESIDE THE ROAD, THEIR GUNS AIMED WESTWARDS. IT WAS THE FRONT LINE.

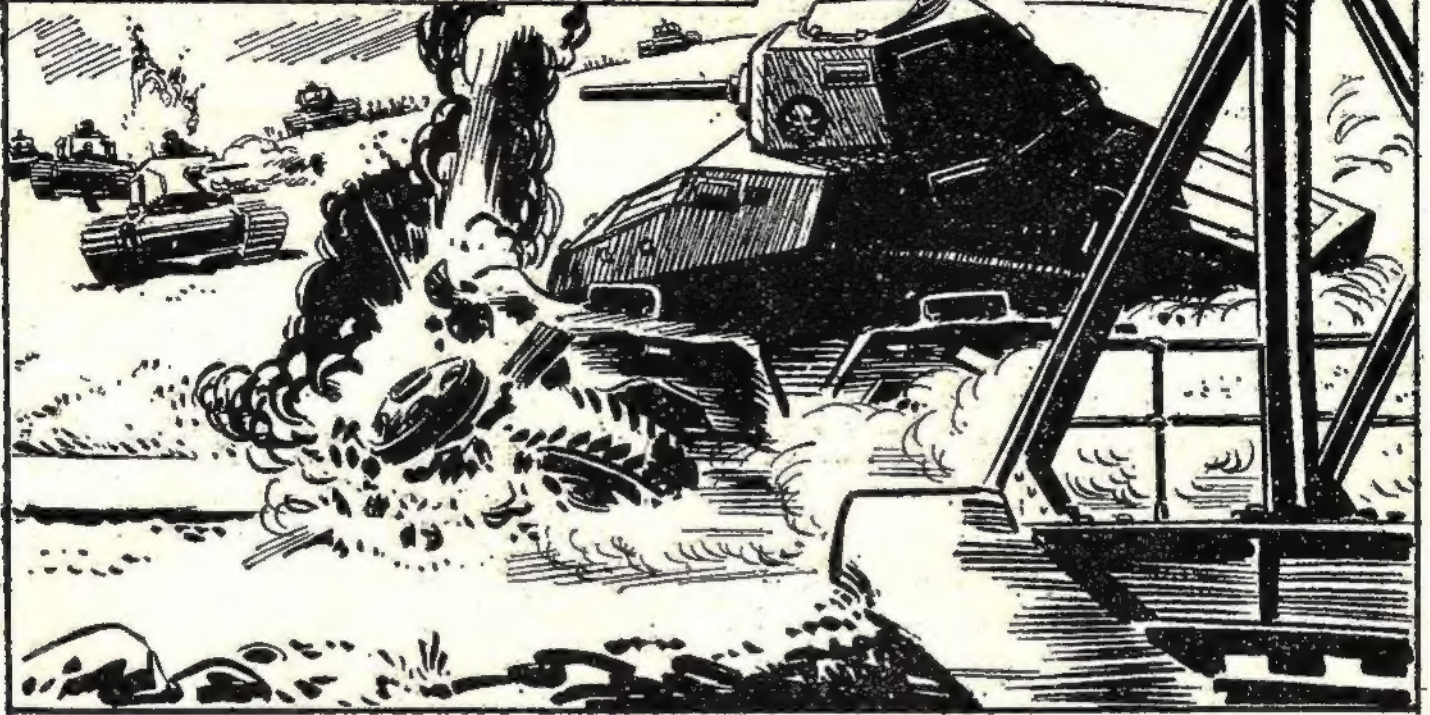


LIKE A MISSILE ON WHEELS, THE ARMoured CAR STREAKED TOWARDS THE BRIDGE... AN ENGINEER OFFICER LOOKED UP AND GAVE A STARTLED YELL.





THE OFFICER'S DEMOLITION EQUIPMENT WAS POUNDED FLAT BY THE HEAVY WHEELS OF THE ARMoured CAR AS IT SPED ON TO THE BRIDGE. IT REACHED THE FAR SIDE... THEN DISASTER STRUCK! A SHELL FROM THE LEADING BRITISH TANK BURST DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF THEM!



JINGO, GEORGES AND TOM CRAWLED FROM THE WRECKAGE AS THE CHURCHILL TANK CLATTERED UP... THEIR RIDE TO GLORY WAS OVER!

THERE WAS NO NEED TO BE QUITE SO ROUGH, OLD MAN!

GOOD HEAVENS! THEY'RE BRITISH!



THAT'S RIGHT, SIR, EXCEPT FOR OLD GEORGES HERE... HE'S FRENCH! IF YOU HURRY UP YOU MAY FIND THE JERRIES HAVEN'T HAD TIME TO BLOW UP THE BRIDGE AFTER ALL!



THE BRITISH TANK SQUADRON SURGED FORWARD TO THE BRIDGE... AND THE THREE COMRADES LOOKED AT EACH OTHER, STRANGELY ENOUGH, IN THAT MOMENT OF SUCCESS, EACH WAS TOUCHED BY A FEELING OF REGRET.

UNE BELLE VICTOIRE, MES BRAVES... BUT I AM DESOLATED, FOR I HAVE LOST AN OLD FRIEND ...MY GUN.

FEAR NOT, GEORGES... YOU SHALL HAVE ANOTHER, THE FINEST WE CAN BUY. WHAT WORRIES ME IS, WHO'S GOING TO BELIEVE MY REPORT WHEN I PUT IT IN? SHOOTING A LINE, THAT'S WHAT THEY'LL CALL IT!



I KNOW ONE THING, JINGO, PHOTO RECCE'S GOING TO SEEM A MIGHTY HUM-DRUM JOB AFTER THIS.

BUT ALTHOUGH THEIR FUTURE MISSIONS WITH THE PHOTOGRAPHIC RECONNAISSANCE UNIT MIGHT NOT BE SO EXCITING OR DANGER FILLED AS THEIR RECENT ADVENTURE, FLYING OFFICER JINGO COLLINS AND HIS FIGHTING SERGEANT-NAVIGATOR, TOM BOSWELL, KNEW THAT ANY MISSION WOULD BE VITALLY IMPORTANT IN THE BATTLE AGAINST HITLER'S V- WEAPON, **THE FLYING BOMB!**

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**ALSO ON SALE NOW**  
**FOR WAR THRILLS . . . ACTION . . . DRAMA . . .**

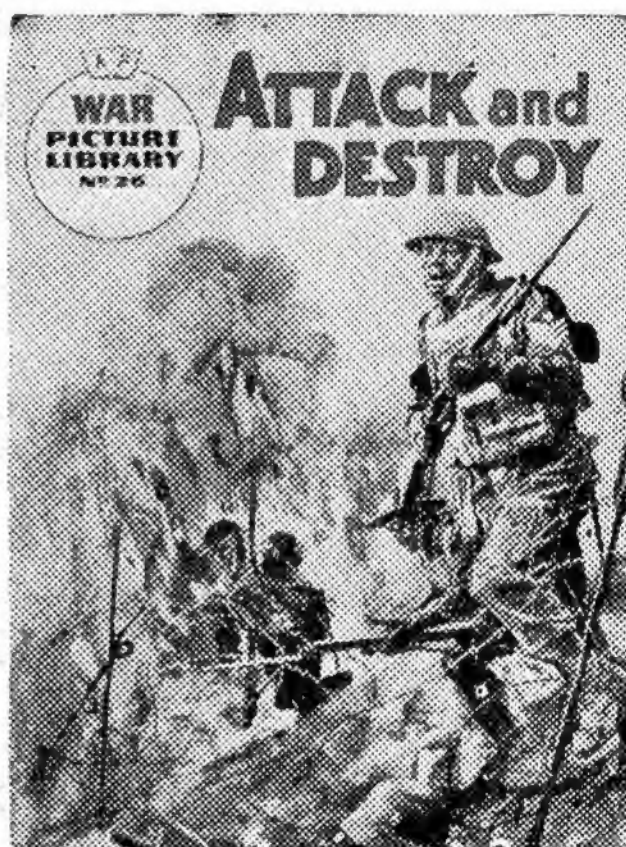
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